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The Peril of the Republic the Fault of the People.

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A D D R E S S

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

SENATE OF UNION COLLEGE,

SCHENECTADY, JULY 20, 1863,

AND BEFORE THE

Literary Societies of Franklin and Marshall College.

LANCASTER, PA., JULY 29, 1863.

BY

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ADDRESS.

IN years gone by, when peace serenely smiled over a land glorious and blest, and every face was radiant with joy, it was fitting that your Orator should select a theme suggested by your collegiate career, enforce it with the logic of the schools, and grace it with gems culled from the classic and historic page.

But, alas! these are days gloomy and joyless! America trembles in her altitude of splendor. Struck by myriads of blows from ambitious and successful treason, her life seems ebbing fast. The nations look with cold indifference or secret satisfaction as perish the liberties which an heroic race bequeathed an endless posterity.

Dark and despairing as are these times, all may yet be well if we regain the virtues of our fathers.

You, gentlemen of the Senate, are to act your part in times without a parallel. You are either to link your names with the renown of a mighty people, or sink with your country into bloody and dishonored graves.

At such a time I cannot choose a subject apart from the grand struggle on which is staked the world's last chance for freedom. Therefore, to-day I ask you to bring your minds from amid the memories of the buried past, and fix them on the living present, big with the fate of coming centuries. It is time for the patriot to speak and act, heedless of all risks—scorning alike the smiles of power and the scoffs of the rabble—though the partisan point at him as a victim for popular fury, looking alone to his country's weal,

dare all for duty, and speak the truth though ten thousand voices strive to drown his warnings with denials.

Here, then, in the cloister-like quietude of the college—far from the reach of prejudice—here, where the passions that tear the hearts of men in yonder outer world dare not enter, let us own the sin which caused our nation's fall, and seek to know how to regain the paradise she lost.

Through the wide stretch of history the People have ever been oppressed. With the might of numbers on their side—with the intellect, valor, and energy to create a nation and make it prosperous and great; with the gentler virtues to beautify the whole, yet, unjust to themselves—by their senseless prejudices, differences, and hates, engendered and directed by designing dastards; their willing ear to the transparent flattery of the demagogue; their reluctance to listen to citizens too honorable to fawn; their love of gold and its train of enervating evils; their faithlessness to principle; their contempt for public virtue, and want of true patriotism—they have for thousands of years groaned in bondage and bled in battle that the few might triumph who resolved to rule, and had the energy and courage to succeed. Now and then, along the track of time, the masses have risen with heroic grandeur, smitten their oppressors, and illumed the world with resplendent Republics; but at the very zenith of renown have yielded to their failings and sunk again to servility and chains.

The American student sighs when he reads of the wrecked glories of the people, and, with an aching heart, fears that institutions founded on justice, liberty, and love, aiming to lift mankind, are beyond the scope of mortals, and the earth must continue to be cursed with tyrants.

We must cease to be charmed by the syrens that have sung us to our woe. Let us bravely face our dangers.

If the American Republic survive this storm, and rise refreshed and purified, no tongue can tell the glories of her future. If she be destroyed, let us own the Government we love is a failure, and beg posterity to spare their blood and hug their chains, for the people are not fitted to be free. I know how startling these words may be, even amid the

perils about us; but better heed the prophecy than bear the pangs of its fulfillment.

It were impossible that our form of government could have had a peaceful birth amid the petrified prejudices of the monarchies and despotisms of Europe. A world was discovered that free institutions might have fair play. Not alone a discovered world, but a new people born to dwell in it.

The streams of immigration poured on these shores the blood of every nation, each commingling with the other, enriching all, and creating a race which, for intellectual vigor, courage, and love of liberty, is the noblest that ever lived.

In a country from its structure fitted for the grandest of empires, with a magnificent sweep of territory that knew no boundaries but the great oceans—with the Atlantic to the east, rolling an eternal flood afar—the American Republic arose and dazzled the world with its swift and marvelous prosperity. Mind unfettered and free sprang into every way of life, and proved the might of the masses. The glories of old Greece rekindled their long-expired fires in the land of Young America. Yet, when her splendors were but dawning—while yet the statesmen of kings stood aghast at her greatness, and dreaded her future, while her millions were thriving as never mortals throve before—exulting in her prowess, and sure of her stability—lo! as if struck by the lightning of God's wrath, she is rent in twain, deluged with fraternal blood, and is the Niobe of nations!

Whence the causes of this awful fate—this sudden death to all our hopes? From a hundred streams they come; yet, trace them, and find the source of all to be the People.

Ay, every drop of blood poured out in this terrific war—every one of the hundreds of thousands of new-made graves that rise all over this once happy land—the desolated homes—the wrecked hopes—the squandered treasures—the untold misery—the imperiled nation—the menaced liberties of America—all, all rest on the guilty heads of the People.

Before high heaven I arraign the American People as recreants, ingrates, and parricides.

Apostate to the Republic—faithless to their vows—scoffers at public virtue—reckless of principle—eager for gold and greedy for place—they banished integrity, intellect, and patriotism from the high stations of the State and Nation, and filled them with tricksters, trimmers, partisans, plunderers, drunkards, duelists, imbeciles, and traitors.

The men who, after a seven years' war, won our independence, and the generation that followed, knew the priceless value of the Republic; they faithfully discharged the high trusts of American citizenship. Then virtue and worth were placed at every post to guard the public weal. Then intellect cultivated a pure ambition to serve the State. From the by-ways of humble life came forth statesmen, sages, and orators, who flung the mantle of genius around their country, and made her fame immortal.

But the children born when the last of the Revolutionists were passing to their graves, and growing to manhood amid all the evidences of boundless prosperity, fancied the Republic was their own, without effort or responsibility, and that no power could wrest it from them. Educated beyond all other peoples, the fruits of literature spread far and wide; lovers of liberty and ready to die for it, they yet forgot to live for it. Jealous and watchful of their private interests, they overlooked the general good. Enjoying the rich gains of industry and enterprise, they utterly ignored the vital truth that a Republic dies when the people cease their vigilance or leave to faction or party the sacred duty enjoined on every citizen.

Blessed with peace while Europe was convulsed with wars, our patriotism exhausted itself in shouting at the name of Washington, chorusing the national songs, blindly voting for party hacks, and in public meetings being moved to pity or passion, like the citizens in the play of Cæsar.

This forgetfulness of duty, this sin against ourselves, this *crime against our country*, was taken advantage of by opposite classes in the two sections of the country.

In the South, the planters—a small minority, comprising its wealth and culture, living in elegant ease on the labor of an inferior race, ambitious of rule, anxious to guard, and, if possible, spread their peculiar and precarious institution—assumed entire control.

While Southern cities and States did not and could not grow in population and thrive as did the North, yet they were always better governed; more free from corruption, riots, and crime, because offices were created and filled for the good of the community, and not for the gain of the incumbents. Officials were retained as long as they faithfully discharged their duties.* Representatives and Senators had previously served in the State legislatures, and entered Congress a phalanx, differing, perhaps, on indifferent subjects, but united in everything that tended to the interest of their section and to strengthen and spread the institution of slavery. Re-elected without opposition term after term, they became educated in the profound science of government, were the master-spirits of the nation, shaped its legislation, inoculated the country with some revolting theories, by the adroit management of party selected for themselves the highest honors of the Union, and when, with a show of fairness, they yielded to the North, chose only those who were pledged to their opinions, and would be controlled by their counsels.

In the North, the lowest grade of society—the scum of the cities, village loafers, hucksterers of legislation, aided by contractors without capital, lawyers without practice, doctors without patients, and journalists without principle, all bound together by the cohesive power of public plunder—boldly grasped the reins and willingly gave the honors and control of the Republic, in consideration that they might clutch each year a hundred millions of patronage, besides the rich booty that every office, high and low, in all the North, became. Offices were created and managed without reference to the general good, and exclusively for the emoluments of the knaves who filled them. Honest and able judges received salaries less than the income of an ordinary attorney; while the clerks of the courts, whose functions were mostly discharged by deputies, made fortunes in three years. Seats in the Legislature and in Congress were too often scrambled

* There were but three persons who held the office of Postmaster in Charleston from the formation of the Government to the outbreak of the Rebellion.

for by filthy fellows, who unblushingly sold their votes to the highest bidder, and were thrust aside at the end of the second term to make way for successful competitors.

If it so chanced that a great Intellect appeared from the North in the Senate, as long as his views chimed with party his pathway was strewn with flowers; but if his sense of right and proud heart rose indignant at an attempted wrong, his followers deserted him; his own fellow-citizens, whose honor and opinions he had maintained, turned for a moment from their avocations to sigh that he had left the service of the State, and then threw up their caps as some low trickster started to fill a chair from which a statesman had been expelled.

The rival organizations, by corrupt caucuses and conventions, named the candidates for every office, from the Executive of a Commonwealth to the constable of a township, and to advance their respective designs and make permanent their success, sought by every artifice to inflame the spirit of party, which the first President in his farewell appeal warned the people was "truly their worst enemy, and which, instead of warming, would consume the nation."

Alas! the people would not see the snare! The angel of country, all beautiful and good, who had enriched them with priceless gifts and would have shielded them forever, was turned from with cold neglect, her caresses scorned; while the demon of party was worshiped with idolatrous devotion.

Year after year, party spirit grew in bitterness and rancor, poisoning the whole nation and dragging it toward the awful gulf of civil war.

No villain too depraved to aspire to office; and once nominated, every voice shouted for his success. No outrage could a partisan commit that would not find defenders. Infamous legislation would be applauded by the party in power; the noblest and most necessary measures denounced by the one seeking authority. The basest passions of the mob courted. Justice was sacrificed to expediency, honor to availability. The laborer who paved the streets or swept a room, and by the *secret* ballot voted for the worthiest man, would be

dismissed from employment, and with his family left to starve, while the audacious knave who had, by bribery, purchased distinction, would be dined and honored by the President!

The rapid increase of population in the North, caused by European emigration, equal laws, high price of labor, and low price of lands, which led to the formation of new States, taught Southern politicians that they could not expect always to rule.

Foreseeing the advantages of their geographical position, prompted by the maddest ambition, and *aided by confederates in the North—the future will disclose this fact*—they slowly yet surely arranged their plans for the dissolution of the Union.

Southern in all their sentiments and legislation, they intentionally provoked a Northern party. With artful facility they shaped partisan animosities into sectional hate, to make successful their accursed scheme. On December 5th, 1860, a Southern Senator, addressing himself to Northern Senators, said: “Here are two hostile bodies on this floor, and it is but a type of the feeling that exists between the two sections. We are enemies as much as if we were hostile States. Disguise the fact as you will, there is an enmity between the Northern and Southern people that is deep and enduring, and you can never eradicate it—never.”*

Declarations of war against the nation were uttered in Congress amid approving shouts from crowded galleries, echoed far and wide, and sustained in public assemblies all over the land. Treason for once boldly faced the sunlight, and in the very council without check arranged the destruction of the Government. Senators proclaimed treason in the Capitol, retired from its walls with the air of conquerors, tarried in the city for days to *receive their pay* and the parting calls of their parasites, and yet not in all the Congress was there one bold enough to denounce the awful crime, and make oath and arrest the traitors for high treason.

Nay, when the overt act had been committed, rebellion

* See Congressional Globe for 1860-61, Part 1st, p. 12.

sent in state its emissaries to dictate terms to an insulted nation, and left the capital indignant that they were not accepted.

Yet party spirit blindly followed to the brink and took the fearful plunge.

To elect a Northern President was sufficient cause for the dissolution of the Union! to enforce the authority of the Government was the coercion of a free people! to imprison public enemies a violation of the liberty of the citizen! to assert the dignity of the nation an infringement of the Constitution! to war on armed traitors in bloody rebellion was to destroy the integrity of the Republic!

A nation thus deserted and forgotten by its protectors, the people, and left the sport of wicked men, could not last; decay was its destiny. Every vote in its Congress cast under the whip and spur of party—no loving rivalry to serve the country, but fighting each other with malignant fury; spreading through all the citizens the hate that inflamed their own false hearts; a fratricidal war—the bloodiest that ever cursed the earth—ensued, when all might have been spared had there been but “ten righteous” statesmen in the councils of the nation.

Up to the very hour that Sumter fell, the masses of the North believed that Southern treason was but an outburst of passion consequent on a Presidential defeat. While an army was organized in the South, in all the North not a soldier was summoned, nor a drum beat. When the flag fell, the people awoke from their long lethargy, started up in angry patriotism, and offered all on the altar of their imperiled country. A million of men were ready to rush toward every point of danger. The heart of the patriot beat high with new-born hope.

At the first tap of the drum the citizen-soldier sprung to the ranks, and changed home and its precious joys for the march, the tent, and the gory field. Never had valor such votaries.

Every regiment has its tales of glory; every village its hero, whose deeds recorded will fling to the shade the darling names of Roman history.

The people, aroused, lavished contributions to carry on the war, cheered until the welkin rung farewells to their gallant sons, and then returned to their own concerns, certain that before three months were passed there would come to them the same message that Cæsar sent from Zela.

Since that time two years have passed; each day draped with blood, and crowded with scenes of unutterable woe. Immense tracts of country, over which the eye enraptured gazed on lovely fields and happy homes, are now desolations, where lives alone the carrion-bird.

States that had never heard the booming of cannon save on joyous celebrations of historic anniversaries, now hear its roar crashing death and destruction in its fiery flight.

Away out on every sea our commerce is devastated—from the shores of the Atlantic far on to the Rocky Mountains; from within sight of the Capitol to the extremest southern verge, the war rages. A million of men of the same origin, born on the same soil, speaking the same language, worshipping at the same shrine—with interests mutual, if not identical, bound together by commercial, marital, lineal, and religious ties—until yesterday enjoying boundless prosperity in unbroken peace, under the mildest and noblest of Governments, are now warring with each other. Five hundred thousand have been slaughtered. Three thousand million of dollars have been expended. The wounded and the maimed, never seen before, now ache the sight whichever way we turn. Women mourning for their husbands and sons, fathers and brothers, cross our path at every step. The rumble of the hearse is heard, and the muffled drum is beating. Imperial France, in violation of the Monroe doctrine, unchecked, rears a throne on the ruins of our only sister Republic. Foreign complications are drifting toward us. Our gallant army, decimated by battle and disease, disheartened by dissensions and want of sympathy at home, has nigh been overwhelmed.

The rebellion, haughty, defiant and successful, has advanced its legions on Pennsylvania soil, and threatened to ravage our fields, fire our mines, and wave its bloody banner over our own homes and altars. The cause of the Union sinks lower

and lower, while ghastly anarchy seems hovering just above us!

Yet, are the people of what is called the loyal States alive to these awful realities? Have they banished from their minds all meaner thoughts in the towering resolve to regain their nationality? Are all differences forgotten, and are they united to a man in burning hate against the foe bent on the destruction of their liberties? Have they hurled from the Tarpeian rock the traitor? Have they placed at every post, military and civil, the able soldier and the virtuous citizen? Have they decreed the direst penalties on the wretch who fattens on ill-gotten gains wrung from his country's misfortunes? Have they execrated for all coming time the damned villains, the active agents of all our woes, the scurvy politicians?

Stand forth, men of the North, and answer.

Grief may shed its bitter tears in the silent chamber, poverty may starve in its hiding place, the patriot may mourn, but no grief, nor fear, nor feeling seems to dwell in the public mind or touch the public heart. This year eclipses all the past in gorgeous dissipation. Our Northern cities are wild with fashion, hilarity, and show. More diamonds flash in the glare of the gay saloon, the gentlemen stop at no extravagance, and the ladies in full dress powder their hair with gold; dinners, balls, and masquerades, in ostentation and luxuriance, turn midnight into day. Prancing steeds and gaudy equipages carry light-hearted loveliness through all the drives of fashion. Stores where jewels, pearls, and precious stones, and the rich goods of Europe and Asia are exposed, are crowded with purchasers and have doubled sales, though gold touched a premium of seventy per cent. Speculators in stocks make fortunes in a day. Palatial stores and marble dwellings are springing from the earth on every side. Resorts of amusement were never so numerous and never so crowded. Prize fights excite for a time more interest than the battles of the Republic. Thousands of dollars are staked on the favorite of the race. Gambling hells are wide open to entice to infamy the young. Crime is fearfully on the increase. The law grows impotent, and men

who have, by the basest means, defrauded the laborer, the widow, and orphan, hold high their heads and go unwhipt of justice.

Is all this the ruddy glow of health, or the hectic flush?

Turn from social to public life. The politicians who in April, 1861, awe-struck at the majestic anger of the people, had crept like cravens to their dens, no sooner saw the storm had passed than they came forth bolder, baser, and more perfidious than before. They divided again into parties, and have contrived, fomented, and produced apathy instead of energy, discord in place of harmony, and are preparing events for the future at the thought of which the strongest heart must shudder. Lofty sentiments actuate but few of the leaders on either side. One cries out for the Union, the other for the Constitution; but they care for neither. With one party it is a struggle to keep power, with the other to obtain it. Becoming millionaires by the war, some of them care not when it ends. The opposite faction, mad that they, too, cannot plunder, have no words of comfort for the bleeding soldiers of the Republic, but in public meetings are loud in the expression of their love for *traitors*, who, under the cloak of free speech, are striving to light the fires of mutual slaughter in the North.

These organizations are, for the most part, controlled by an aristocracy of scoundrels, ignorant, selfish, vulgar, and depraved, who give the choicest honors to him who pays highest or sinks his manhood deepest. Walk the promenade of either New York or Philadelphia, and let me point at a few you will surely see. There at the corner lounges a felon who has served a term, nay, probably been pardoned out of the penitentiary. See where rides the murderer who escaped conviction. Yonder swaggers the bully of the prize ring. Yet one of these is, perhaps, a justice of the peace! another a councilman! and the third holds a sinecure in the customs or post-office! They each manage precincts, wards, or districts; are bowed to, buttonheld, and made companions of by candidates for Congress, Governors of Commonwealths, and Senators of the United States. These are the *lords of the city*, the *fountains of honor* in the State. They issue

their edicts, and the citizens—the industry, the labor, the wealth, the intellect, ay, the *pity*!—blindly obey, and never raise a voice against the despotism.

Every avenue to the Capitol choked up with these characters, gifted men, in self-respect, shrink from such associations, and smother a noble ambition in the useful obscurity of mechanical, mercantile, and professional pursuits. This accounts for the otherwise extraordinary fact, that the stupendous events of the last two years have produced no statesman whose name will stand conspicuous among the heroes of history.

Thus, too, it is that even the legislatures of the States are sweltering with corruption.

In September last,* the roar of the battle of Antietam could be heard in the Counties of Adams, Franklin, and Fulton. The Legislature of Pennsylvania, meeting in January, were four months in session, bartering for bribes the franchises of the State, favoring every villainous scheme to cheat, wrong, and oppress the people, quietly passing bills to annihilate contracts involving immense sums, and, when detected,† unanimously requesting the Executive to return the bills unsigned; yet had no time for organizing the militia, nor for considering the necessity for fortifications, though the enemy has since invaded the State, and in one week destroyed property to the amount of millions of dollars.

So bold and so brazen in iniquity have *lawgivers* become, that more than one member asserted in open session, *without contradiction*, that rings *were* formed among the *legislators*!‡ so that no bill could be passed unless each member of the ring received his price!

Search the records of civil and criminal courts of your large cities, watch the proceedings of the legislatures of the States, read the reports of the investigating committees of the two last Congresses, and stand amazed at the diabolic villainy of those to whom the people have entrusted their dearest rights and sacred liberties!

* September, 1862.

† See Legislative Record for 1863, pages 440, 441, 476, and 409.

‡ See Legislative Record for the session of 1863.

To make still plainer the revolting characteristics of those whom the people have made *not* their *equals*, but their *masters*, and to show how utterly lost to even the outward forms of decency, to say nothing of dignity, these *representatives are*, I cite the following facts: The Councils of Philadelphia meet under the same roof where the Declaration of Independence was signed and the Constitution of the United States adopted. On the second of January of the present year, while many a patriot was eagerly listening to the news of the battle of Murrefreesboro', in which hundreds of the very flower of the city had fought, and some had fallen, the street in front and the avenues of Independence Hall were filled with a crowd of hangers-on of both parties, solely intent, by the basest frauds, to obtain the organization of Councils, and thus control for a year the patronage of the city. In the Common Council each party selected a chairman: each had a clerk. The two chairmen sat together, each recognizing only the members of his party. A motion put by one chairman would be voted on only by those who agreed with him. The published report continues:*—

“It was now one o'clock, and the prospect of an organization was as slim as when the members first collected together.

“The chamber was still crowded, the two presidents occupied their seats, and the members talked and chatted together, walked the floor, and smoked cigars. Some had their hats on: some read newspapers, and almost all reclined in their seats, with their feet upon their desks.

“Thus the valuable time of the City Fathers was expended until three o'clock.”

This farce was continued during every meeting for five weeks. The published proceedings† of meetings held from time to time ever since show that, amid hisses, yells, laughter, and applause, were heard such remarks: “There is no man laughing at me that I cannot whip,” “I can't be bought or sold;” “kicked out of window,” “liar,” “rascal,” and other terms not to be used in this presence.

* See Philadelphia Press, January 3, 1863.

† See Philadelphia papers.

On the second of the present month, when the soil of Pennsylvania was soaking with the blood of thousands of patriot soldiers, who fell that day at Gettysburg, the following took place in the Common Council of Philadelphia, on a motion to *thank a judge for a decision*:—

“The ‘gentleman from the Twenty-fourth ward’* moved to amend by inserting the name of ‘Chief Justice Lowrie,’ and would like to have his name inserted before those of the counsel.

“The member from Third ward said this thing smatters of flattery to the judge, who simply did his sworn duty, and he has merely decided what is the law of the land, for which he is not particularly entitled to thanks.

“The member from Third ward was severe upon the ‘gentleman from the Twenty-fourth ward.’

“The debate became animated.

“The member from Seventh ward said that he thought, among other things, that the ‘gentleman from the Twenty-fourth ward’ had reason to thank Justice Lowrie for his seat in this Chamber; he cannot thank the people.

“‘Gentleman from the Twenty-fourth ward’ arose, and said he would pull the nose of the member from the Seventh.

“The President’s gavel came down rapidly, but above the din of which the voice of the ‘gentleman from the Twenty-fourth ward’ was heard crying ‘Loafer!’ ‘here or elsewhere!’ etc. etc.

“The member from Seventeenth ward arose, and was called to order because of personal remark.

“A call was made for the previous question.

“The member from Seventeenth ward complained of gag-law.

“The call for the previous question was not sustained.

“Great confusion prevailed.

“A motion was now made that the subject be postponed, which resulted as follows: ayes 10, nays 23.

“On the amendment of returning thanks to Chief Justice Lowrie, the ayes were 18, nays 15.”

* See *The Press*, July 3, 1863.

Let us look to the Legislature:—

On the thirteenth day of January last,* the hall of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania was jammed full with ruffians ready to hang a member, whom it was supposed, and not without reason, had bargained away his vote on the election of a Senator of the United States.

In the proceedings of the House, on the fourteenth day of April, as published in the papers of the fifteenth, will be found the following:—

“A member wanted to know if it would be in order to sing a song?

“Speaker. If the gentleman will start a tune, and there be no objection, it *will* be in order!”

On the same day, in the House of Representatives, occurred this scene, not published in the proceedings, but the truth of which can be proved by hundreds of witnesses:—

“A Member. I rise to a question of privilege.

“The Speaker. The gentleman will please state his question of privilege.

“Member. We will now introduce the elephant.”

Immediately, from one of the side rooms, came out a figure representing an elephant, with tusk and trunk, chained and led by a legislator through the hall, amid shouts of laughter, and not a member rose to resent the insult!

Surely, at such a time as this, every word uttered in the Senate of the United States should breathe exalted patriotism, and every action evince the respect due to the august body. If any flagrant violation occur, the Senate, in vindication of its own dignity, should mark its condemnation by the severest measures.

Yet, early in the last session, a member from Delaware designated, in debate, a brother Senator as “the fellow from Minnesota,” “adventurer in the wilds of Minnesota.”†

The same Senator from Delaware, on the twenty-seventh of January said: “I have seen and conversed with him, and I say here in my place, in the Senate of the United States,

* See Philadelphia newspapers of 14th January, 1863.

† See Congressional Globe for 1862-63, Part 1st, p. 273.

that I never did see or converse with so weak and imbecile a man as Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.”*

After having been called to order for a violation of the rules of the Senate, he continued: “I assume the personal responsibility—the political responsibility and every other character of responsibility that attaches to my action—to arraign Mr. Lincoln and his administration, or anybody else and his administration, and I do not intend to be deterred from the expression of my opinion by any blackguardism that can be uttered on this floor.”

The Vice-President here called the Senator to order.

The Senator, after some time, took his seat, but again arose and said: “If I wanted to paint a tyrant, if I wanted to paint a despot, a man perfectly regardless of every constitutional right of the people whose sworn servant, not ruler, he is, I would paint the hideous form of Abraham Lincoln. If that be treason”—

The Vice-President again called the Senator to order.

Still in violation of the rules, the Vice-President said: “The Senator is out of order, and the Sergeant-at-Arms will take him in charge unless he observes order.”

The Senator. “Let him take me.”†

Vice-President. “The Sergeant-at-Arms will take the Senator in charge.”

In accordance with the order of the Vice-President, the Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms approached the Senator, who was seated at his desk. After a brief conversation, they went without the bar and left the Senate Chamber.

In about half an hour, the Senator reappeared in the Senate and arose, and again was called to order, and, when requested to take his seat by the presiding officer, replied:—

“Just as I please—not otherwise—I am not a slave to power.”‡

The Presiding Officer. “The Sergeant-at-Arms will take the Senator in charge.”

The Senator. “Let him do so at his peril.”

* See Congressional Globe for 1862-63, Part 1st, p. 549.

† Ibid. p. 550.

‡ Ibid. p. 552.

In obedience to the order of the presiding officer, the Sergeant-at-Arms approached the Senator, who was sitting at a desk. He refused to retire, and did then and there make threats to use a weapon on the Sergeant-at-Arms, and drew a weapon and threatened to shoot the Sergeant-at-Arms; but at a subsequent period left the Chamber.

Still again he returned to the Chamber and arose.

The Presiding Officer. "The Senator will take his seat."

The Senator. "No, sir, I will not take my seat unless"—

Another question of order was raised.

The Presiding Officer. "If any further disturbance arises from the Senator from Delaware, the Chair will order him to be removed from the Chamber."*

The next day, a Senator offered a preamble, giving the name of the Senator, that he "did, on the twenty-seventh instant, bring into the Senate of the United States a concealed weapon, and did then and there in the Senate behave in a turbulent and disorderly manner, and when called to order by the Vice-President, did refuse to preserve order, but did continue such turbulent and disorderly behavior until he was ordered into the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and did then and there make threats to use said weapon upon said Sergeant-at-Arms in presence of Senate, and did draw said weapon and threaten to shoot the said Sergeant-at-Arms and behave in a manner disgraceful in the Senate and destructive of all order and decorum,"—ending with a resolution that the said Senator be and is hereby expelled from the Senate of the United States.

The Senator named, arose and said "he had no favors to ask."†

At the request of some Senators it was passed for the day to be called up the next.

On the succeeding day (twenty-ninth) the Senator made a full apology to the Senate, and the resolution was never heard of again.

Amid all these events and scenes which foretell our swift

* See Congressional Globe for 1862-63, Part 1st, p. 553.

† Ibid. p. 558.

and sure destruction, and which, as if an angel spoke, should recall us to our allegiance to the Republic, the people, like a sleeping drunkard, will not awake and avert the impending doom.

The politicians, the evil spirits of the nation, with whom fair is foul and foul is fair—these close contrivers of all harms, these juggling fiends who trade and traffic in affairs of death, who met the people in the days of success and with prophetic speeches that did sound so fair solicited them to the sacrilegious murder of their country—are now with wild glee dancing around the boiling cauldron of partisan hate, pouring in every envenomed lie and poisoned argument to make the hell-broth boil and bubble, telling the spell-bound people they bear a charmed life, can never vanquished be, urging them to still further step in blood,

“To spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
Hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;”

despairing of the charm only when brought to a dismal and fatal end, their liberties and rights are struck down and forever destroyed by the swords they thought could only fall on vulnerable crests.

We of the North, with interests identical, knowing that, in this dread crisis, whatever our fate, all must share it alike, instead of standing united, firm as a mountain in support of our Government, are divided against ourselves: our differences exhibiting themselves fiercely and distinctly in social clubs, family circles, public charities, and religious denominations. Part of our people, with hearts devoted to the precious cause, yet stand paralyzed like passengers on a ship struggling amid a stormy sea, forgetting that in this hurricane we are all of the crew and belong to the ship itself. Tens of thousands there are who care not whether the nation is saved or lost. Thousands on thousands in private conversations openly oppose their country, and declare their sympathies are with the traitors. Some admit the army needs soldiers, but, even to violence and murder, will oppose conscription! They say the war is for the black man, yet will not agree to the black

man fighting! carry on the war, say they, but inflict on the rebels as little harm as possible! shoot them, but don't exasperate them! kill them in battle, but don't confiscate their property! it is true they are resolved to destroy the nation, but give them their constitutional rights!

With others, slur the flag with impunity, but, on peril of your life, utter no free speech against a favorite general! These leave the house of God when prayers are said for the Government; curse the President as a tyrant who should die, and in our very presence praise the arch-traitor Davis!

With them to defend slavery is patriotism! to advocate freedom is treason! they say a secessionist must be conciliated, an abolitionist hung! South Carolina should be coaxed back into the Union, Massachusetts must be "left out in the cold." They are against war, but will organize to assassinate soldiers sent to arrest deserters! they prate of peace, and call the foe, reeking with the hot blood of our slaughtered patriots, their brothers; yet are eager to clutch their weapons and kill their own kinsmen who dare to be true when they are false!

Treason, the bloodiest and blackest of crimes, has from the beginning been unchecked, and aids the enemy in the very capital of the nation! All the roads leading to the armies, our cities and towns, swarm with conspirators ready to seize on our mishaps to raise the banner of revolt. Yet no death-warrant has been signed. When, at last, in loyal Kentucky, a traitor was arrested, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to die, the President of the United States pardoned the culprit.

Every lover of the Union, whatever may be his partisan proclivities, remembering that Douglas is dead and the other two candidates are arrant traitors, must rejoice that Mr. Lincoln was elected to the Presidency. No fair man can question his personal integrity and patriotic motives, and it is proper to bear in mind that he is contending with trials and difficulties, the like of which never before fell to the lot of a Chief Magistrate or ruler. Yet, had the President been entirely incompetent to discharge his high responsibilities,

the people could have no right to complain. They did not choose to meddle in the selection of a President.

For the last quarter of a century the people have exercised no authority in the nominations of the candidates for the Presidency. The first officer of the Republic—the executive of the nation—has been chosen by a national convention, a body not recognized by the Constitution, and far removed from the people—“a scheme,” said a great statesman,* “perfectly calculated to annihilate the control of the people over the presidential election, and vest it in those who make politics a trade, and who live or expect to live on the Government.”

A system so base that an experienced and distinguished statesman of the Democratic party declared it to be an “EVIL THAT MUST BE CORRECTED, OR THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE ABANDONED.”†

Was the selection of Mr. Lincoln advocated for the reason that he was a tried statesman, able to steer the nation through the coming storm? No such argument was urged. The two principal appeals made were, that he was the nominee of his party, and had been a “rail-splitter!”

The partisan organizations are now bending every energy to grasp the Presidency in 1864.

This is the mainspring of all their actions; it is to achieve this the leaders are goading the people to madness against each other. A rebellion is ripening in the North. State Authorities may at any moment clash with the National Sovereignty. Probably each party, to deceive the people, will dazzle their eyes with the glare of military glory, and one failing to elect its favorite may seize on the excitement, and attempt to overturn the Government.

Let any thoughtful American who loves his race survey the present, and tell his reasonable fears for the future. Either one of four fatal consequences seems likely to be near at hand.

* See Mr. Calhoun's letters, refusing to submit his name to the Democratic National Convention.

† See Mr. Benton's *Thirty Years in the United States Senate*, vol. ii. p. 599.

If the armies of the foe once gain a firm foothold in the North, they will lay waste our fertile fields, sack our cities, seize the capital, and dictate terms of peace that will make us freemen slaves.

If the Southern Confederacy be acknowledged, then we surrender to an implacable foe three-fourths of the national domain, the greater part of our ocean boundaries, the mouths of most of our large rivers, all the Gulf shore, forts necessary to the protection of our commerce, public property, victorious battle-fields, graves of the immortal dead, the capital, the archives of the nation, the statues of our ancestors, the untold treasures, the prestige and power of the Republic, our rank among the nations, and purchase a short-lived peace, to be followed by a protracted war, only ending in a military despotism, or a part or all the North seeking the shelter of a throne.

If the war be prolonged on Southern soil, partisan malignity, growing in fury as approaches the Presidential election, may burst into internecine war, and all the horrors of the French revolution make red with blood the streets of Northern cities.*

Even if we conquer the South, *as conquer we must*, unless chastened by visible misfortunes in the North, our triumph breeding unbounded conceit, we will plunge deeper in the vortex of voluptuous prosperity, our country forgotten by the people, its honors and dignities the sport and plunder of every knave or fool that can court or bribe the mob, the national debt repudiated, justice purchased in her temples as laws now are in the legislature, the life and property of no man safe, the last relics of public virtue destroyed, anarchy will reign amid universal ruin.

Thus night thickens around the Republic, and in all the sky there is not a star.

I am not unconscious of the thousand blessings we yet enjoy, nor indifferent to the succession of splendid victories this month has given to the national cause. But who can forget?—can it ever be forgotten?—that since these victories

* When this was written, the New York riots had not occurred.

were announced an organized mob, instigated by partisan leaders, was for three days master of the commercial metropolis of the Union, and did deeds of fiend-like cruelty unmatched in the annals of crime? that this same mob was harangued, amid great cheering, with honeyed words by the Governor* of the State and two judicial dignitaries, one of whom, in a public speech,† two months before, cried out “be not afraid,” and counseled resistance to the Government to the death? and that the Board of Aldermen, without one dissenting vote, appropriated out of the public funds \$2,500,000,‡ to deprive our army of reinforcements and pander to ruffians, each one of whom should feel the halter?

I have uttered sentiments that clash with the opinions and prejudices of all classes of my countrymen, but have not spoken to wound the sensibilities of any one. I know it is easy to state the wrong, and hard to find the remedy, but from my soul I believe the only way this nation can be saved, except by the hand of God, which we have no right to expect, is to know at once the depths of the disease, that radical remedies may be applied.

Think not I counsel that we sit and despairingly contemplate our downfallen fortunes until we float to either of the sad alternatives; that we allow the glories of the Republic to wither in our keeping; that we, like cravens, should seek to survive our country. God of our fathers forbid.

As a last resort, let the true men come forth from their seclusion, and, in the name of liberty and our country, appeal to the majesty of the People. They have deceived themselves and been deceived. Incompetent officials, a venal press, aspirants for office, and partisan leaders have flattered their follies, praised their weaknesses, applauded their crimes, and made them believe even defeats in the field were strategic triumphs!

Come forth, virtuous citizens, from the workshop and the factory—from the store, the study, and the forum—from the closet, the college, and the altar, and by the historic memo-

* See New York Herald, July 15, 1863.

† Ibid. May 19, 1863.

‡ See New York World, July 16, 1863.

ries of the Revolution, by the victories won in foreign wars, by the blood of our countrymen—our dear brothers—shed in this sublime struggle for the life of the nation, by the boundless prosperity that three generations enjoyed, by the love we bear our children, by our hereditary hatred of royalty and despotism, by our sympathies with oppressed humanity, by our hopes for the triumph of right, justice, and liberty all over the world, let us call on the people to rise, as their fathers did, and dedicate life, fortune, and honor to the restoration of the Republic. Let each citizen conquer his prejudices. Let us shiver to atoms the vile organizations of the day; let us cease to be New Yorkers or Pennsylvanians, Republicans or Democrats, and remember only we are Americans; by enactments destroy the whole breed of those who barter and sell their country's offices for gold to undeservers, and let competent and honest officials, like employees in private life, be retained during good behavior—punish public defaulters with the heaviest penalties—purify the ballot-box, and make sacred the privilege of suffrage—let elections be rare except for representatives—render the judiciary independent of popular clamor and fearless and inexorable in its administration, decrees, and sentences—reform your Constitutions in every particular where experience has proved the necessity—teach in schools and colleges the science of government—give genius and integrity once again a chance in public life—let him who faithfully serves his country in the prime of manhood, enjoy its rewards in his old age—inspire all with a love of the Union and fixed resolve to crush with mighty blows, like those of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, this accursed rebellion—let every leading traitor die a traitor's death—be not elated by victory or dejected by defeat—keep buoyant and brave—bury all dissensions in the graves of our dead heroes—cheer our gallant brothers in the field with the heartiest sympathies, arriving at the just conception of the duties of American citizenship, and of what should be the full measure of our country's future—pray God we may yet see floating over a once more united people, our dear old flag, the terror of tyrants, the hope of the oppressed, and emblem of the free.

At this appalling crisis, when the life of the Republic—the destinies of an hundred millions immediate and remote are staked on the actions of the hours—you, gentlemen of the Senate, “the latest seed of time,” appear upon the scene. Gifted with education—unspotted in morals, untrammelled with the chains of party, and fired with patriotism as are all fresh hearts, I call on you to dedicate your ambition, your future and your fame to rescue the Republic. Be firm when tempted, fearless in danger, ready like the Roman to leap into the gulf to save your country. If needs be, sacrifice ease, fortune, home, love, and life.

“Such ties are not
For those who are called to the high destinies
Which purify corrupted commonwealths;
We must forget all, all feelings save the *one* :
We must resign all passions save our purpose,
We must behold no object save our country,
And only look on death as beautiful,
So that the sacrifice ascend to Heaven
And draw down freedom on her evermore.

“They never fail who die
In a great cause ; the block may soak their gore ;
Their heads may sodden in the sun, their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls ;
But still their spirit walks abroad, though years
Elapse and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.”

The Peril of the Republic the Fault of the People.

AN

A D D R E S S

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